He is franke vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it,
Rm. A vertuous and Chriſtian like conclution,
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduiſed,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Maddam his Maieſty doth call for you :
And for your noble grace and you my Lord.
Qu. Caesby we come, Lords will you goe with vs:
Ri. Maddam we will attend your grace. *Exunt Ma. Gl.*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and firſt began to braul,
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuious charge of others :
Clarence, whome I indeede haue laid in darkeneſſe :
I doe beweepe to many ſimple gulls :
Namely to Haſtings, Darby Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene, and her allies.
That ſtirre the K. againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall wet me
To bee reuenged one *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*.
But then ſigh, and with a peece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill :
And thus I cloath my naked villany
With old od ends, ſtolen out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a S. when moſt I play the diuell.
But ſoft heere comes my executioners, *Enter executioners.*
How now, my hardly ſtout reſolued mates,
Are yea not going to diſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me,
When you haue done repaire to Croſby place :
But ſirs, be ſuddaine in the execution :
Withall, obdurate : doe not heere him pleade,
For *Clarens* is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moeue your hearts to pity if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not, my Lord we will not ſtant to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured :
We come to vſe our hands and not our tonguss.

Glo.

Glo. Your eyes drop milſtones
I like you Lads, about your bu
Enter Clarence
Bro. Why lookes your Grac
Cla. O I haue paſt a miſera
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly d
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfu
I would not ſpend another ſuch
Though t'were to by a world o
So full of diſmall terrour was t
Bro. What was your dream
Cla Me thought I was imba
And in my company my brothe
Who from my cabben tempted
Vpon the hatches there he look
And cited up a thouſand feareſu
During the warres of *Yorke* and
That had befallen vs : as we paſ
Vpon the giddy footing of the h
Me thought that *Gloceſter* ſtum
Strooke me (that thought to ſta
Into the tumbling billowes of t
Lord, Lord, me thought what p
What dredfull noyſe of water in
What a ſight of death within m
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fea
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes g
Wedges of gold, greate Anchor
neſtimable ſtones, vnvalued iew
ome lay in dead mens ſculs, an
Vhere eyes did once inhabit, th
s if it twere in ſcorne of eyes, re
Vhich wade the ſlimie bottome
nd mokt the dead bones that l
Brok. Had you ſuch leaſure in t
o gaze vpon the ſecrets of the
Cla. Me thought I had : for ſtill
ept in my ſoule, and would not l
o keepe the empty, vaſt, and wa